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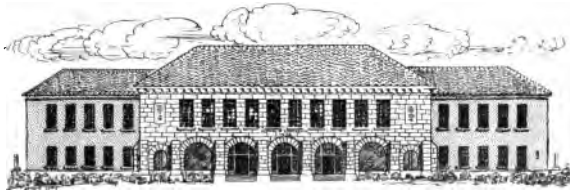
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# THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD TO READING

## BOOK TWO



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# THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD TO READING

## Book Two

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**THE PROGRESSIVE  
ROAD TO READING**

**BOOK ONE**

**BOOK TWO**

**BOOK THREE**

**TEACHERS' MANUAL**

*Other volumes in preparation*

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## INTRODUCTION

THIS series is the outgrowth of regular class-room work in Public School No. 147, Manhattan, New York City. Its purpose is to inspire the child with a desire to read, by opening up to him the story-world, and through his love of reading, to give him the power to read.

In order that the pupil may be animated by the most effective of all stimuli, interest, the authors have based their method on a collection of legends and folk stories. Selected from the classics of childhood, these stories have real literary value; they sparkle with life and action, and the illustrations effectively help to bring the child into the atmosphere of the story.

The study of formal phonetics, begun early in Book One, is continued throughout Book Two. Unfamiliar words are taught by blackboard drills just preceding the reading of the new lesson which contains these words. These exercises prepare the child to attack all words in



the story which have been used as sight words, all those which he can pronounce through his knowledge of the phonetic key, and all new sight words which are outside the key.

Diacritical markings, which were employed in Book One to smooth rough spots, do not appear in this book. In case any new word presents peculiar difficulties these may be readily overcome by placing on the blackboard either the unfamiliar word with its diacritical markings, or a sight word containing the phonetic elements which the child has not recognized.

The aim of the phonetic work is not that children may read a certain number of pages from the printed book, but that they may acquire a key to printed language.

## BOOK TWO



### THE CAMEL AND THE JACKAL

A Camel and a little Jackal  
lived together in the same village.

The Jackal was full of tricks.  
He was a lively little fellow,  
and he liked to tease the Camel.

One day the Jackal and the Camel went down to the bank of the river.

The Camel lay down under a tree, and fell asleep.

The Jackal walked along the bank, and ate all the crabs he could find.

"Dear me," said he, "I'm still hungry.

I know there must be more crabs on the other side of the river.

I can't swim, but the Camel can."

So he ran up to the Camel, and cried, "Wake up, Camel. Come and eat some sugar cane."

When the Camel heard the word sugar, he jumped up, and cried,

"I'm coming! I'm coming!"

"It is very sweet sugar cane," said the sly little Jackal.



“If you will take me on your back across the river, I will show you where it is.”

“Very well,” said the Camel.

“Sit on my back, and I will take you across the river.”

So the little Jackal climbed upon the Camel's back, and soon they were on the other side of the river.

The little Jackal showed the Camel  
where the sugar cane was,  
and then ran off to eat crabs.

Now a camel is very big,  
and a jackal is very little.  
So by the time the Jackal  
had eaten all the crabs  
he possibly could, the Camel  
had only begun his meal.

“I don’t wish to wait for him,”  
said the Jackal to himself.

“I am ready to go home.”

So he ran and ran



along the sugar cane field,  
and sang and shouted.

“There is a Jackal in the field  
stealing the sugar cane,”  
said the people. And they came out  
with sticks and clubs and stones  
to chase the Jackal away.

Instead of a Jackal, they found  
a Camel, and they beat him,  
and threw stones at him  
till he was almost dead.

By and by the little Jackal  
came back from somewhere.



"Are you ready to go home?"

he asked the Camel.

"I am not a good friend,"  
said the Camel. "Why did you  
swim across? The people  
threw stones at me, and beat me  
and I am almost dead."

"Oh, I don't know why  
I made such a mistake."

said the Camel. "I always lau  
and sing after dinner."

"Well, I guess," said the Cam  
"Well, now let us go home."

So the Camel took the little  
on his back once more, and be  
to swim across the river.

In the middle of the river  
the Camel stopped swimming.



THE CAMEL STOPPED SWIMMING.



“Are you ready to go home?”

he asked the Camel.

“You are not a good friend,”  
said the Camel. “Why did you make  
such a noise? The people  
threw stones at me, and beat me  
till I am almost dead.”

“Oh, I don’t know why  
I made such a noise,”  
said the Jackal. “I always laugh  
and sing after dinner.”

“Oh, do you?” said the Camel.  
“Well, now let us go home.”

So the Camel took the little Jackal  
on his back once more, and began  
to swim across the river.

In the middle of the river  
the Camel stopped swimming.



THE CAMEL STOPPED SWIMMING.

“What is the matter?”  
asked the Jackal.

“I have a queer feeling,”  
said the Camel with a laugh.

“I want to roll over.”

“Don’t do that,” said the Jackal.  
“I can’t swim. I shall be drowned.  
What makes you want to roll over?”

“I don’t know,” said the Camel.  
“I always roll over after dinner.”

So the little Jackal was drowned,  
but the Camel came safely home.



## THE FOX AND THE SHEEP

Once there was an Old Woman  
who lived all alone in a little house.

One day she went to the market,  
and bought some sheep.

“Now,” said the Old Woman,  
“I must get some one to help me  
watch my sheep.”

So she walked and walked  
over the hills, looking for help,  
but she couldn't find any one  
to watch the sheep.

At last she met a Bear.



“Good morning,” said the Bear.  
“Where are you going to-day?”

“I am looking for a boy  
to watch my sheep,”  
said the Old Woman.



“I’ll watch your sheep,”  
said the Bear.

“Will you be good to them?”  
asked the Old Woman.

“Can you talk softly to them?”

“I can talk very softly,”  
said the Bear.

“This is the way I will call them.”  
And he began, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!”  
For that is the way all Bears talk.

“No, no, no!” cried the Old Woman.  
“You could not talk that way  
to my sheep. They would run away.”



So she left the Bear in the woods,  
and she walked and walked  
till she met a Wolf.

“Good morning,” said the Wolf.  
“Where are you going to-day?”

“I am looking for a boy  
to watch my sheep,”  
said the Old Woman.

“I’ll watch your sheep,”  
said the Wolf.

“Will you be good to them?”  
asked the Old Woman.

“Can you talk softly to them?”

“I can talk very softly,”  
said the Wolf. “This is the way  
I will call them.” And he began,  
“Wow! Wow!” For that is the way  
Wolves always talk.

“No, no, no!” cried the Old Woman.  
“You could not talk that way  
to my sheep. They would run away,”

So she left the Wolf in the woods,  
and she walked and walked  
till she met a Fox.

“Good morning,” said the Fox.  
“Where are you going to-day?”



“I am looking for a boy  
to watch my new sheep,”  
said the Old Woman.

“I’ll watch your sheep,”  
said the Fox.

“Will you be good to them?”  
asked the Old Woman.

“Can you talk softly to them?”

“I can talk very softly,”  
said the Fox. “This is the way  
I will talk to them.”

And he began, “O-oo! O-oo! O-oo!”



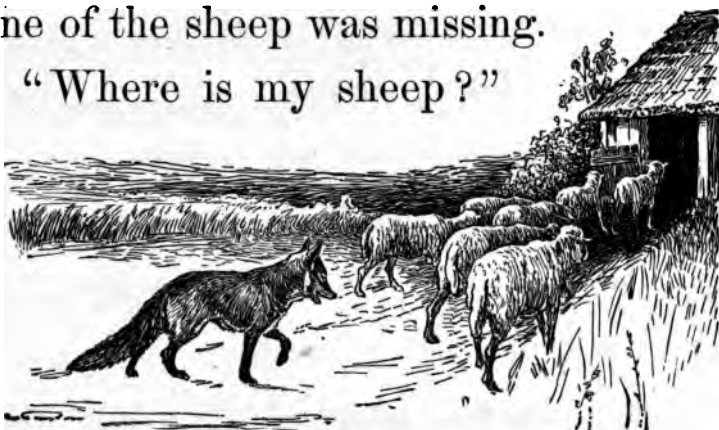
For that is the way Foxes always talk.

“You talk very softly,”  
said the Old Woman. “I think  
I will let you watch my sheep.”

So the Fox went home  
with the Old Woman,  
and she took him to the field  
where the sheep were eating grass.

That night the cunning Fox  
brought the sheep safely home.  
But the next night  
one of the sheep was missing.

“Where is my sheep?”



asked the Old Woman.

“The Wolf ate it,” said the Fox.  
“He came out of the woods,  
and carried it off  
when I was not looking.”

The very next night  
another sheep was gone.

“Where is my sheep?”  
cried the Old Woman.

“The Bear ate it,” said the Fox.  
“He came down the hill,  
and carried it off  
when I was not looking.”

Early the next morning  
the Old Woman went to the field  
to give the Fox a drink of milk.  
And there was the Fox  
standing over a dead sheep.



The Old Woman knew that it was he who had killed the other sheep.

“You wicked, wicked Fox!”  
cried the Old Woman.

“You robber Fox!”

• The Fox was very much afraid  
of being caught, and he ran away.  
But the old woman  
threw the milk at him,  
and it struck the tip of his tail.

And from that day to this  
every Fox has had a white tip  
on his tail.



## JOHNNY CAKE

Once upon a time there was a Man,  
a Woman, and a Little Boy.

One day the Woman made  
a large, round Johnny Cake,  
and put it in the oven to bake.

She said to the Little Boy,  
“Watch the Johnny Cake,  
and mind you don’t let it burn.”

The Little Boy sat by the stove  
to watch the Johnny Cake.

But as he sat there, he saw  
the Johnny Cake roll over,  
and jump out of the oven.



Across the kitchen floor  
and down the road he ran  
as fast as he could go.

“Stop, stop, Johnny Cake!”  
called the Little Boy.  
But he didn’t stop.

The Man ran after him,  
the Woman ran after him,  
but Johnny Cake ran faster  
than either of them.



At last they all got tired  
of trying to catch Johnny Cake,  
and went home.

The Johnny Cake went on  
down the road till he met a Bear.

“Where are you going,  
Johnny Cake?” asked the Bear.

Now the Johnny Cake

was very proud of being able  
to run so fast, and he shouted,  
“I’ve run away from a Man,  
a Woman, and a Little Boy;  
and I can run away from you, too.”

“We’ll see about that,”  
said the Bear, and he began to run.

But Johnny Cake ran faster than he.  
So the Bear gave up, and sat down  
under a tree to rest.

On went Johnny Cake  
till he came to a Wolf.



“Halloa, Johnny Cake!  
Why do you run?” asked the Wolf.

“I’ve run away from a Man,  
a Woman, a Little Boy, and a Bear;  
and I can run away from you, too,”  
said Johnny Cake.

“Can you?” asked the Wolf  
“We’ll see about that.”  
And he started to run  
after Johnny Cake.



But Johnny Cake ran  
as fast as the wind, so at last  
the Wolf had to sit down to rest,  
because he was too tired  
to go any farther.

On went Johnny Cake,  
faster and faster, till he met a Fox  
lying in the road, near the woods.

“Halloa!” called the Fox.  
“Where are you going?”

But the Fox didn’t get up,  
so Johnny Cake stopped to talk.

“I’ve run away,” he said,  
“from a Man, a Woman, a Little Boy,



"I'VE RUN AWAY."



a Bear, and a Wolf;  
and I can run away from you, too."

"Why should you?" asked the Fox.

Johnny Cake came a little closer.

"I'm very much afraid you'll eat me,"  
said he.

"Why should I?" asked the Fox.

"You're too little."

Johnny Cake came a little bit closer.

"Come and talk," said the Fox.

"Here is some soft grass to lie on."

Johnny Cake came quite close,  
when snap went the Fox's teeth,  
and Johnny Cake was gone.





### THE OLD WOMAN AND HER COMPANY

Once there was an Old Woman,  
and she lived all alone.

One night she sat by the fire  
spinning, and as she spun  
she said to herself, "I wish  
I had some one to talk to."

Just as she said these words  
two big, big feet came flying  
through the window,  
and stood by the fireplace.

And still she sat,  
And still she spun,  
And still she wished  
For company.

In came two fat, fat legs,  
and fixed themselves at once  
on the big, big feet.

And still she sat,  
And still she spun,  
And still she wished  
For company.

In came a wee, wee waist,  
and quick as a wink  
fixed itself on the fat, fat legs.

And still she sat,  
And still she spun,  
And still she wished

For company.

In came two broad, broad shoulders,  
and in the twinkling of an eye  
they were on the wee, wee waist.

And still she sat,  
And still she spun,  
And still she wished

For company.

In came a big, big head,  
and in a flash settled down  
on the broad, broad shoulders.

And there by the fire  
stood an Old, Old Man.

The Old Woman stopped spinning,  
and looked at the Old Man.

asked the Old Woman.

“Thinking, thinking, thinking,”  
said the Old Man.

“What did you come for?”  
asked the Old Woman.

“To have a good time,”  
said the Old Man.

And he jumped up,  
and began to dance  
with the broomstick.



The Old Woman  
jumped up, too, and  
began to dance with the fire shovel.  
And they danced and danced,  
and danced and danced,  
till they couldn't dance any more.

And it is said that the Old Woman  
was never lonesome afterward.



"HOW DID YOU GET SUCH A BIG HEAD?"

asked the Old Woman.

“Thinking, thinking, thinking,”  
said the Old Man.

“What did you come for?”  
asked the Old Woman.

“To have a good time,”  
said the Old Man.

And he jumped up,  
and began to dance  
with the broomstick.



The Old Woman  
jumped up, too, and  
began to dance with the fire shovel.  
And they danced and danced,  
and danced and danced,  
till they couldn't dance any more.

And it is said that the Old Woman  
was never lonesome afterward.

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Once upon a time a little girl lived in a cottage with her mother.

The mother made for her a red riding hood and cloak. The little girl wore them everywhere she went, and everybody called her Little Red Riding Hood.

One day her mother said to her, "Come, Red Riding Hood, take this jar of butter and this cake to your grandmother. She will be glad to see you."





“Dear Grandmother will be glad  
to have a bunch of flowers,”  
said Red Riding Hood to herself.

So she stopped to pick some,  
and it was a very long time  
before she came at last  
to her grandmother’s house.

But the Wolf did not stop  
for anything. He went straight  
to the grandmother’s house.

He knocked at the door.  
There was no answer.

He knocked three times,  
and no one said, “Come in.”

So he opened the door, and went in.  
There was no one in the house,  
for the grandmother had gone  
to the woods to pick up sticks

"I am going to see my grandmother.  
I am taking her a basket of food."

"Where does she live?"  
asked the wicked Wolf.

"About a mile away in the woods,"  
said the child.

"I will go to see her some day,"  
said the Wolf. Then he thought,  
"If the woodcutters were not here,  
I would eat you now."

The Wolf walked beside her.  
"See these pretty flowers," he said.  
"Pick some for your grandmother."



“Dear Grandmother will be glad to have a bunch of flowers,” said Red Riding Hood to herself.

So she stopped to pick some, and it was a very long time before she came at last to her grandmother’s house.

But the Wolf did not stop for anything. He went straight to the grandmother’s house.

He knocked at the door. There was no answer.

He knocked three times, and no one said, “Come in.”

So he opened the door, and went in. There was no one in the house, for the grandmother had gone to the woods to pick up sticks



for the fire.

By this time Red Riding Hood  
had gathered as many flowers  
as her hands could hold,  
and had come  
to her grandmother's house.

She, too, knocked at the door.

“Who is there?” asked the Wolf, trying to speak like the grandmother. But his voice was so harsh, that Red Riding Hood was frightened.

“Poor, dear Grandmother must have a very bad cold,” she thought. So she answered, “It is I, Little Red Riding Hood. I have brought you some cakes, and a pot of butter.”

“Turn the handle, dearie, and open the door,” cried the Wolf.

Little Red Riding Hood did so, and went inside. She thought it was her grandmother who had spoken.

Little Red Riding Hood put the basket on the table.



"IT IS I, LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD."

She took off her hood and cloak.

Then she went to the bed.

“O Grandmother,” she said,  
“what great eyes you have!”

“The better to see you, my dear,”  
said the sly Wolf.

“O Grandmother,” she said.  
“what great ears you have!”

“The better to hear you, my dear,”  
said the cunning Wolf.

“O Grandmother,” she said,  
“what sharp teeth you have!”

“The better to eat you up,”  
said the fierce Wolf, jumping suddenly  
out of bed.

He was just going to eat her up,  
when the woodcutters came along,  
and heard Red Riding Hood’s scream.



One of them ran into the house,  
and killed the wicked Wolf  
with one blow of his big ax.

And Little Red Riding Hood  
thanked the woodcutter,  
and never stopped again  
to talk to a Wolf.



## THE LITTLE JACKALS AND THE LION

Once upon a time there was a Lion who lived in a jungle.

He was a very big Lion, and all the other animals called him king.



But he was not a good king, for he ate up the other animals as fast as he could find them.

There were only two Jackals left.

These two little Jackals were very much afraid of the Lion. They could hear him roaring at night, and each night the roar seemed to come nearer.

When the roar came very near, the little Jackals took hands, and ran along till they thought .

they were safe.

One night King Lion  
seemed to be very near,  
and the little Mother Jackal  
grew frightened.



“Dear me, Father,” she said,  
“I know the Lion will catch us  
to-night. What shall we do?”

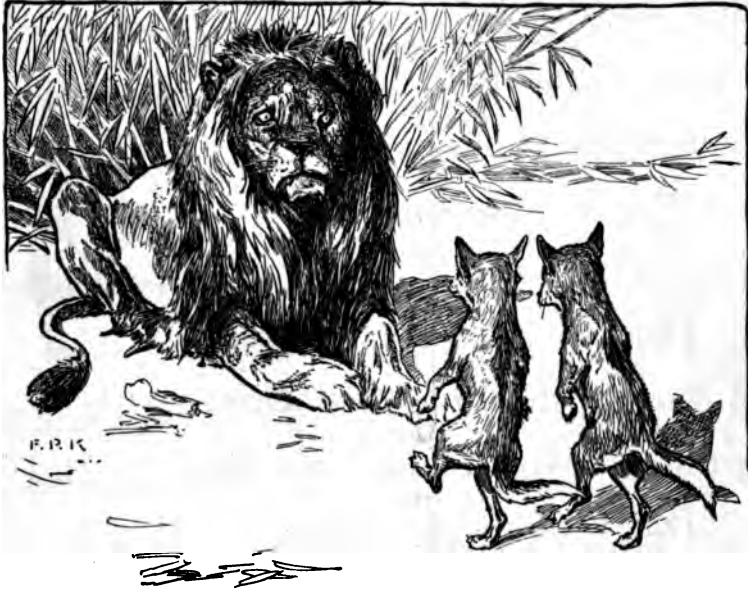
“Don’t be frightened,”  
said the Father Jackal.

“We will run along and hide  
for a little while.”

So they took hands and ran along,  
till the Lion’s roaring grew faint.

But one night the King Lion  
nearly caught the little Jackals.

“What shall we do?”  
asked the Mother Jackal.



“He will surely catch us now.”

“Be brave,” said the Father Jackal.

“Do as I do, and don’t be afraid.”

So the little Jackals  
danced up to the King Lion.

“Where have you been?”  
roared the King Lion.

“Why didn’t you come yesterday?”

I was hungry yesterday."

"We tried to come before,  
O King," said the little Jackals.

"We know we should have come before.  
But every time we tried to come,  
a terrible Lion came out  
of the jungle, and roared at us.  
So we ran away and hid."

"You know there is no Lion  
in this jungle but myself,"  
roared the angry King.

"Oh, yes! Indeed there is,"  
said the little Jackals.

"There is another Lion."

"Is he bigger than I am?"  
asked the King Lion.

"Oh, yes! He is twice as big  
as you are. He can roar louder.

He makes more terrible faces."

This made the King Lion very angry, and he roared till the trees shook.

"Take me to that Lion," he cried.

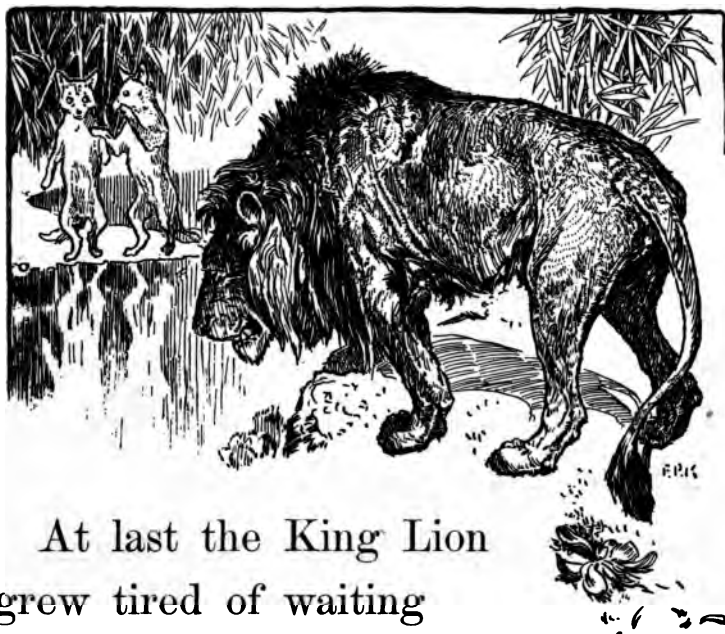
"I will eat him up."

So the little Jackals took hands, and danced on before him, till they came to a pool.

"There is the other Lion," they said. "He lives down there in the pool."

The King Lion looked down. He saw another Lion. "Come out!" he roared. "Come out at once!"

But the strange Lion did not come. Every time the King Lion made faces, the strange Lion did the same. But still he stayed in the pool.



At last the King Lion  
grew tired of waiting  
for the strange Lion  
to come out of the pool, and be eaten.  
So he jumped down into the pool,  
and, of course, he was drowned.

And the little Jackals danced  
around the pool, and sang,  
“The Lion is dead! The Lion is dead!  
Ha, ha! Ho, ho!”

### THE THREE PIGGY WIGS

Once upon a time, long, long ago,  
there were three Piggy Wigs.

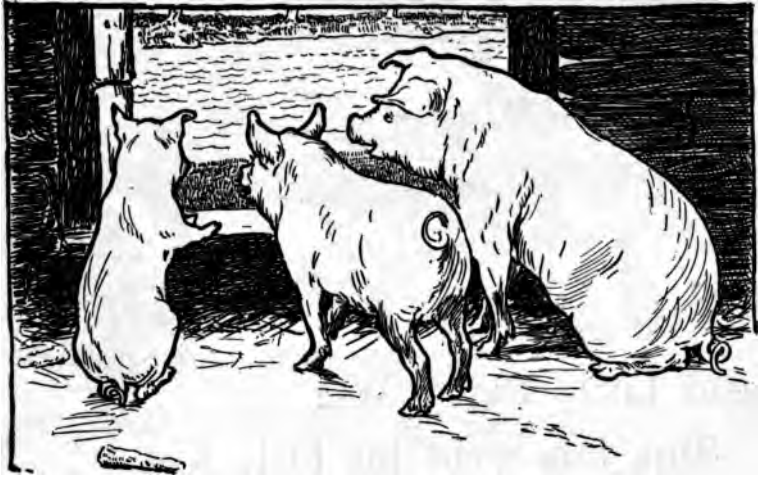
One of them was Big Piggy Wig,  
one was Middling Piggy Wig,  
and one was Little Piggy Wig.

These three Pigs lived together  
in a little house near a river.

Across the river there was a bridge,  
and under the bridge  
there lived a Gnome.

This Gnome liked to eat fat pigs  
better than anything else in the world.

There was a field  
on the other side of the river,  
and in this field there grew  
six little apple trees,  
all covered with little red apples.



One night the wind blew hard,  
and shook the apple trees,  
and all the little apples fell off.

When the Pigs awoke in the morning,  
they looked out of the window,  
and saw all the little red apples  
on the ground, and they said,  
“We will go across the river,  
and eat little red apples,  
and make ourselves fat.”





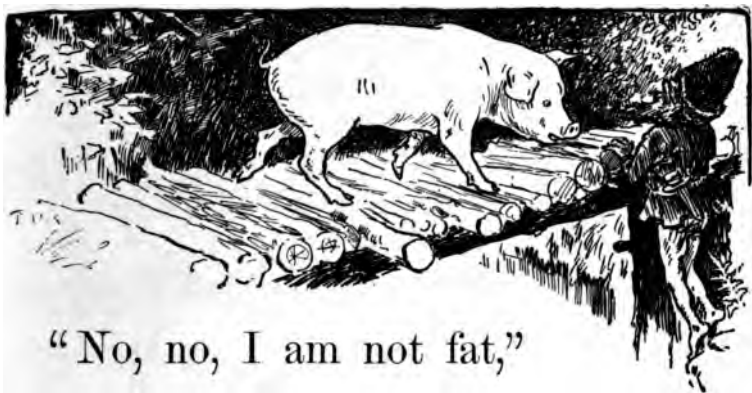
“I’ll go first,”  
said Little Piggy Wig.

Tap, tap, went his little feet  
over the bridge.

“Who is running over my bridge?”  
called the Gnome.

“It is I, Little Piggy Wig.  
I am going across the river  
to eat little red apples,  
and make myself fat.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the Gnome.  
“Now I shall have nice, fat pig  
for my dinner.”



“No, no, I am not fat,”  
said Little Piggy Wig,  
“but my brother, Middling Piggy Wig,  
is very fat. Wait for him.”

“Very well, I’ll wait,”  
said the Gnome.

“Run along. Run along.”

Then came Middling Piggy Wig.  
Trot, trot, went his middling feet  
over the bridge.

“Who is trotting over my bridge?”  
called the Gnome.

“It is I, Middling Piggy Wig.

I am going across the river  
to eat little red apples,  
and make myself fat."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the Gnome.  
"Now I shall have nice, fat pig  
for my dinner."

"No, no, I am not fat,"  
said Middling Piggy Wig,  
"but my brother, Big Piggy Wig,  
is very fat. Wait for him."

"Very well," said the Gnome,  
"I'll wait."

Then came Big Piggy Wig.  
Tramp, tramp, went his big feet  
over the bridge.

"Who is tramping over my bridge?"  
called the Gnome.

"It is I, Big Piggy Wig.



I am going across the river  
to eat little red apples,  
and make myself fat.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the Gnome.  
“Now I shall have nice, fat pig  
for my dinner. I am coming  
to eat you up, Big Piggy Wig.”

“Come and try,” said Big Piggy Wig.

So the Gnome went up on the bridge,  
and there was Big Piggy Wig.



And he rushed at that Gnome,  
and he bumped and thumped that Gnome,  
and he danced and pranced  
all over that Gnome,  
till there was nothing left of him  
but the buttons on his coat.

Then Big Piggy Wig went on,  
and the Pigs ate all the red apples,  
and made themselves so fat  
that they were never able to run again.

## THE THREE WISHES

Once upon a time  
there was a man named Jack,  
and he lived with his wife Joan  
in a little hut.

One day he started out to see  
if he could find some wood  
to put on the fire.

He walked and walked  
till he came to a thorn bush,  
growing on the side of the hill.

“I’ll cut down this thorn bush,”  
said Jack. “It will keep the fire  
going for one night.”

Just as he lifted his ax,  
a troop of little men,  
dressed all in brightest red,  
rose out of the ground at his feet.



‘That Cock would make a fine meal.’

This Fox was a cunning fellow.

He did not jump and catch the Cock.

Oh, no! This is what he did.

“Cock! Cock!” he called softly.

The Cock turned around quickly,  
and saw again the dreadful beast  
that he had seen in his dream.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the Fox.

At one time I knew your father.

He was a handsome Cock.

He could crow very loud.



Then they went into the ground,  
and Jack started to go home.

He didn't get along very fast,  
for he seemed always to hear  
the little people laughing  
and singing. But though he looked  
for them, he could not see them.

When he reached home,  
he was very tired and hungry,—  
so tired that he forgot  
to say anything to his wife Joan  
about the little people.





“Isn’t supper ready?” he asked.

“It will not be ready for an hour,” said Joan.

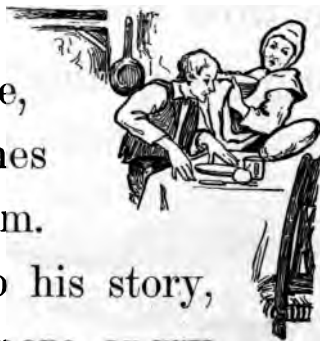
“I’m hungry,” said Jack. “I wish I had an oatcake this very minute.”

Flap! Flap! Crack!

In at the door, and up on the table came a fine, thick oatcake.

“What’s all this?” asked Joan.

Jack told her about the little people, and of the three wishes they had promised him.



As Joan listened to his story, she grew more and more angry.

“You’re a goose,” she said.

“I don’t know a greater goose.

Why didn’t you wish for money?

I wish the oatcake were stuck  
on your foolish head."

Flap! Flap! And the oatcake jumped  
off the table, and stuck fast  
to the top of Jack's head.

He pulled and pulled,  
but it stuck fast.

Joan pulled and pulled,  
but it stuck fast.

They both pulled together,  
but it stuck faster than ever.

"Never mind," said Joan.  
"Maybe people will think  
it is a new kind of hat.  
We have one more wish left,  
and we can wish for plenty of money."

But then Jack looked  
in the looking-glass.



And he wished very quickly  
that the thick oatcake  
would not stick to his head.

Flap! Flap! The oatcake  
was back on the table again;  
and down the chimney  
came the sound of laughing,  
for of course the little people  
were listening.

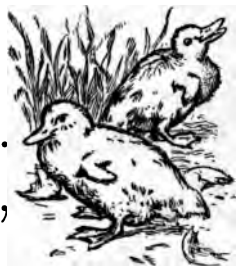
And if Jack and his wife  
did not have a bag of money,  
at least they had a fine oatcake  
for supper.

## THE UGLY DUCKLING

Once upon a time  
there was an old Duck  
who lived down by a pond.

She had her nest among the reeds.

She had been sitting  
on the eggs a long time,  
and was getting very tired.



But at last they cracked,  
one after another,  
and the little Ducks said, "Peep, peep!"  
and looked all about them  
at the great world.

The mother longed to take them  
to the pond for a swim,  
but there was one egg  
that would not break.

"Dear me!" said the mother Duck.



“How long will this last ?

I am very tired.”

“How are you getting on ?”  
asked an old Duck, who had come  
to pay her a visit.

“This egg keeps me so long,”  
said the mother. “It will not break.”

“Let me see it,” said the old Duck.  
“Ah, yes ! I thought so.

It is a Turkey’s egg. Leave it,  
and teach your Ducklings to swim.”

“I think I shall sit on it  
a little while longer,”  
said the mother Duck.

“Very well,” said the old Duck.  
“Please yourself.”

And she waddled away to the pond.

At last the great egg broke,  
and out tumbled the little one.  
It was big and strong,  
and not at all like the others.

Early the next morning,  
mother Duck and her family  
went down to the pond.



One Duckling after another  
jumped in, and swam around.

“How well my children swim!”  
said the mother Duck.

“Even the ugly one can swim well.”

After they were through swimming,  
the mother Duck took them  
to the barnyard to show them  
to the other Ducks.

“Your children are very pretty,”  
said the other Ducks.

“All but this one; he is ugly.”

“He is a very good Duckling,”  
said the mother proudly.

“And he can swim very well.”

But the Hens and the Geese  
flew at the ugly Duckling,  
and bit him.



THIS ONE IS UGLY.



“Leave my little child alone,”  
said the angry mother Duck.

“He is doing no harm.”

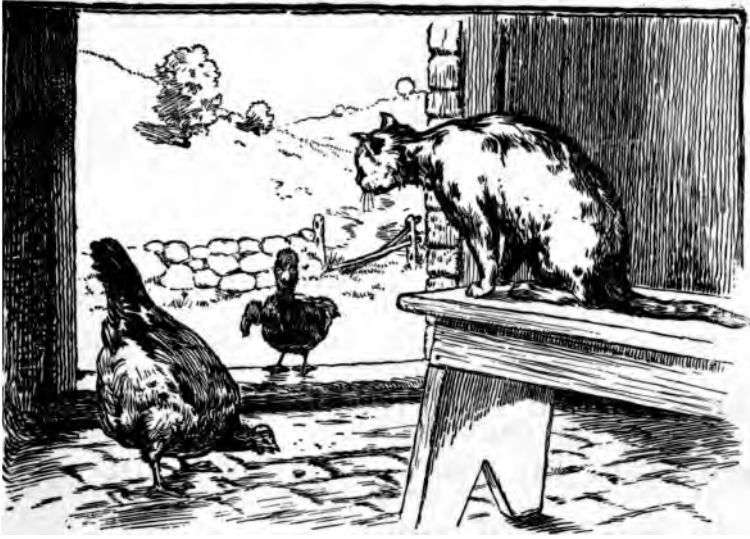
“We tease him because he is ugly,”  
said they. And they bit him,  
and made fun of him all day long.

At the end of the week,  
the poor little Duckling  
could stand it no longer,  
so he flew over the fence,  
and ran down the road  
as fast as he could.



By and by he came to a little hut.  
In this hut there lived an old woman  
with her Cat and her Hen.

When the Duckling came in,  
the Hen began to cackle,  
and the Cat began to mew.



“Can you lay eggs?” asked the Hen.

“No,” said the Duckling.

“Can you purr?” asked the Cat.

“No,” said the Duckling.

“Well then,” said they,  
‘sit in the corner, and don’t talk,  
or you are good for nothing.”

Now the poor Duckling  
lid not like to sit in the corner.

He kept thinking of the sunshine,  
and the sweet, fresh air,  
and he wished very much to swim.

At last he said to himself,  
“I will go out into the world again.”

So he waited till the Old Woman,  
the Cat, and the Hen were not looking,  
and then he went out of the hut  
into the world again.

But he was still very lonely,  
for all the animals passed him by,  
because he was so ugly.

“I will fly far away from here,”  
said the lonely Duckling.

So he flew and flew,  
for his wings were growing stronger.

One day he came to a pond.  
It was in a beautiful garden.

“I should like to stay here,”  
thought the Duckling.

He plunged into the pond,  
and as he swam, he saw his image  
in the water. It was no longer  
that of an ugly, gray bird;  
it was that of a handsome swan.

Some little children  
were running about in the garden.  
“There is a swan,” they cried.  
“Let us feed him.”  
And they threw bread and cake  
into the water, and they said,  
“How beautiful he is!”



## THE COCK AND THE FOX

Once upon a time there was a Cock.  
He was very proud  
because his legs were so strong,  
because his feathers were so bright,  
and because he could crow so loud.

He strutted around the barnyard,  
crowing and saying to himself,  
“I am the handsomest Cock  
in all the world, and I can crow  
louder and longer than any other Cock.”

It happened one day that he  
did not strut about as usual,  
nor did he crow.



He sat up on the barnyard fence,  
and hung his head.

The Hens watched him for a while.  
At last the Brown Hen flew up  
on the fence beside him, and asked,  
“What is the matter, Cock?”

“I had a very bad dream,”  
said the Cock, shaking his head.

“Tell me all about it,”  
said the Brown Hen.

“Well,” said the Cock, “I dreamed  
that I was walking about  
in the barnyard.



“O Man of the Sea,  
Come listen to me!  
My wife Ilsabil  
Will have her own will,  
And hath sent me to beg  
A boon of thee.”

“What is it now?” asked the Fish.

“My wife wants to be Lord  
of the Sun and the Moon,”  
said the fisherman.

“Go home,” said the Fish,  
“to your little old hut again.”

And there they have lived  
to this day.



## THE ROBBERS

Once there was a poor donkey.  
He had worked hard all his life.  
But he had grown very old,  
and had become useless.

One day he heard his master say  
that he was a useless old donkey,  
and must be killed very soon.

“I’ll not stay here to be killed,”  
said the Donkey. “I’ll run away.”

So he jumped over the fence,  
and went down the road  
till he met a Dog.

“Where are you going, Mr. Dog?”  
asked the Donkey.

“I have run away,” said the Dog.  
“They say that I am too old to work,  
and that they will have me killed.



Let us fly over the wall,  
and hunt for worms in the garden."

The Cock and the Brown Hen  
looked all around to see  
that no one was watching them;  
then they flew over the wall,  
and hurried away to the garden.

Now a sly, wicked old Fox  
was hiding in a clump of bushes  
near the garden.

When he saw the Cock and the Hen  
he chuckled to himself, and said,



‘That Cock would make a fine meal.’

This Fox was a cunning fellow.

He did not jump and catch the Cock.

Oh, no! This is what he did.

“Cock! Cock!” he called softly.

The Cock turned around quickly,  
and saw again the dreadful beast  
that he had seen in his dream.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the Fox.

‘At one time I knew your father.

He was a handsome Cock.

He could crow very loud.



He could crow louder  
than any other Cock I ever heard.  
You look like your father.  
Can you crow as loud as he did?  
He always shut his eyes  
when he began to crow. Do you?  
Dear me! You are a handsome Cock

“This is a very polite Fox,”  
said the Cock to himself.  
“I’ll show him how loudly I crow.”

So he shut his eyes tightly,  
and flapped his big, black wings,  
and crowed, “Cock-a —”  
But he never finished the crow,  
for as soon as his eyes were shut,  
the sly old Fox caught him up,  
and started to run to the woods.

“Fox! Fox!” cried the Brown Hen

“Why not come with us?”  
said the Donkey. “We are going  
to the town, to play in the band.  
You can sing beautifully.  
Come with us. What do you say?”  
“I will come,” said the Cock.  
So they all went on together.

It was now quite dark,  
and the four began to look about  
for a place to spend the night.

“Let us sleep under this tree,”  
said the Donkey.

So the Donkey and the Dog  
lay down on the ground.  
The Cat climbed into the tree,  
and the Cock flew up to the top.

“I see a light,” cried the Cock.  
“There is a house not far away.”



Away she ran after him  
as fast as she could go.

The other Hens heard her cry,  
and they ran, too. The Geese ran,  
the farmer ran, and they all  
made as much noise as they could.

But the Fox kept right on running-  
Now the Cock was frightened,  
but he pretended that he did not care.

“I see a table with supper on it,  
and there are four robbers  
eating and drinking.”

“Come down,” said the Dog, “and we  
will think of a way to get that supper.”

So they thought of a plan  
to frighten the robbers away.  
And this is what they did.

The Donkey stood on his hind legs,  
and placed his fore feet  
on the window sill.

The Dog climbed up and stood  
on the Donkey's back.

The Cat stood on the Dog's back.  
And the Cock flew up,  
and stood on the Cat's back.

Then all together they began  
to make their loudest music.



### THE FISHERMAN AND HIS WIFE

There was a fisherman and his wife,  
who lived in a little old hut  
close by the sea.

The fisherman had a boat,  
and went fishing every day.  
One day his hook was dragged away  
into the deep water.

When he pulled his line up,  
there was a great Fish on the hook.

“Please let me go,” said the Fish.  
“I am not a real Fish, you know.  
I am an enchanted prince.”

“Very well. Swim away.

Swim away,” said the fisherman.

“I don’t care to have anything to do with a Fish that can talk.”

He put the big Fish back into the water, and it swam down to the bottom of the sea.

When the fisherman went home to his wife in the little hut, he told her about the Fish that could talk.

“Did you not ask him for anything?” asked the wife.

“No, indeed,” said the fisherman.  
“What should I have asked for?”

“It would be fine,” said the wife,  
“if we had a pretty little cottage, instead of this dirty hut.



I was with the Hens, the Ducks,  
and the Geese, and as I walked about,  
a big beast came out of the bushes.  
He had a sharp nose,  
and a long, bushy tail.



And I dreamed  
that he threw me over his shoulder,  
and carried me off to the woods.  
Dear me! Dear me! I'm afraid  
that a real Fox will come,  
and carry me off to the woods,  
and eat me up."

"Nonsense!" said the Brown Hen.  
"How could a Fox get into our yard?  
The gate is always locked.  
You are a very silly Cock.  
Come away and scratch for worms,  
and do not think about the dream."

This frightened him so,  
that he ran back to the door.

As he passed by, the Dog bit him  
in the leg.

As he ran through the yard,  
the Donkey kicked him so hard,  
that he was flung into the road.

All this woke the Cock,  
who cried with all his might,  
“Cock-a-doodle-doo.”

The robber ran back to his friends.

“There was a wicked old witch  
sitting by the fire,” he said.

“She scratched me  
with her nails.”

That was the Cat.

“Behind the door  
there was a man.

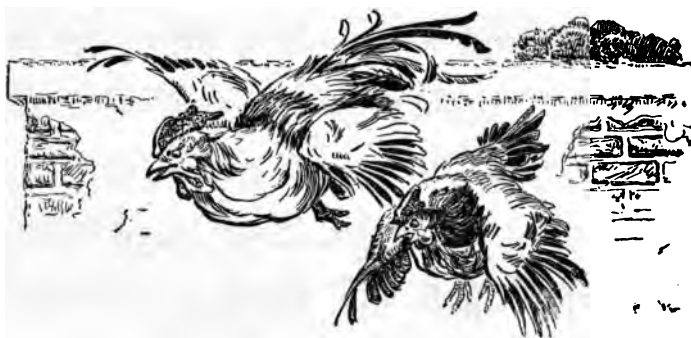


Let us fly over the wall,  
and hunt for worms in the garden."

The Cock and the Brown Hen  
looked all around to see  
that no one was watching them;  
then they flew over the wall,  
and hurried away to the garden.

Now a sly, wicked old Fox  
was hiding in a clump of bushes  
near the garden.

When he saw the Cock and the Hen,  
he chuckled to himself, and said,



“That Cock would make a fine meal.”

This Fox was a cunning fellow.  
He did not jump and catch the Cock.  
Oh, no! This is what he did.

“Cock! Cock!” he called softly.

The Cock turned around quickly,  
and saw again the dreadful beast  
that he had seen in his dream.

“Don’t be afraid,” said the Fox.  
“At one time I knew your father.  
He was a handsome Cock.  
He could crow very loud.



He could crow louder  
than any other Cock I ever heard.  
You look like your father.  
Can you crow as loud as he did?  
He always shut his eyes  
when he began to crow. Do you?  
Dear me! You are a handsome Cock."

"This is a very polite Fox,"  
said the Cock to himself.  
"I'll show him how loudly I crow."

So he shut his eyes tightly,  
and flapped his big, black wings,  
and crowed, "Cock-a —"  
But he never finished the crow,  
for as soon as his eyes were shut,  
the sly old Fox caught him up,  
and started to run to the woods.

"Fox! Fox!" cried the Brown Hen.



HE FLAPPED HIS BIG, BLACK WINGS, AND CROWED.



Away she ran after him  
as fast as she could go.

The other Hens heard her cry,  
and they ran, too. The Geese ran,  
the farmer ran, and they all  
made as much noise as they could.

But the Fox kept right on running.  
Now the Cock was frightened,  
but he pretended that he did not care.

“What a noise those people make!”  
said the Cock to the Fox.

“I’ll tell them to stop.”

So he called back to them,  
“Stop running! Stop running!  
You can’t catch me.

I’m taking the Fox to the woods,  
and I’m going to eat him up.”

The Fox thought this so funny,  
that he laughed out loud.

The minute he opened his mouth,  
the Cock flew away.

And the Fox had to go to bed  
without any supper.





So she said to the fisherman,  
“Husband, go to the Fish,  
and tell him to make me Lord  
of the Sun and the Moon.”

“Wife! Wife!” said the fisherman.  
“The Fish cannot make you Lord  
of the Sun and the Moon.”

But Dame Ilsabil grew very angry,  
and at last the fisherman went.

“I do not like this,”  
he said, as he went along.

“The Fish will be angry, I know.”

When he came to the sea,  
the wind was blowing,  
the waves were raging,  
and the fisherman grew afraid.  
But he went down to the water’s edge  
and said,

“O Man of the Sea,  
Come listen to me!  
My wife Ilsabil  
Will have her own will,  
And hath sent me to beg  
A boon of thee.”

“What is it now?” asked the Fish.

“My wife wants to be Lord  
of the Sun and the Moon,”  
said the fisherman.

“Go home,” said the Fish,  
“to your little old hut again.”

And there they have lived  
to this day.



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**I** will not stay to be killed.”

“Right! Right!” said the Donkey.

“Come with me, my good friend.

You and I will go to the city,  
and we will play in the band.

You can play the flute,  
and I can beat the drum.”

So the Donkey and the Dog  
went on together.

By and by they met a Cat.

“How do you do, Mrs. Puss?”  
said they. “Where are you going?”

“I am running away,” said the Cat.  
“My master and my mistress say  
that I am too old to catch mice,  
and that I shall have to be drowned.  
I will not stay to be drowned.”

“Come with us,” said the Donkey.  
“We are going to town to play  
in the band. You shall sing.”

“That will suit me very well,”  
said the Cat. So they all walked on.

By and by the three came to a farm.  
There on a fence stood a Cock,  
crowing as loud as he could.



“What ails you?” asked the Donkey.

“Why do you crow so loud?”

“The cook says,” answered the Cock,  
“that I must go into the soup pot.  
**So** I will crow while I can,  
**and** as loud as I like.”

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He stood at the edge of the water,  
and cried,

“O Man of the Sea,  
Come listen to me!  
My wife Ilsabil  
Will have her own will,  
And hath sent me to beg  
A boon of thee.”

“Well!” said the Fish.

“What now?”

“Alas!” said the fisherman.

“My wife wants to be king.”

“Go home,” said the Fish.

“She is king already.”

So the fisherman went home,  
and there was his wife sitting  
on a throne of gold and silver.

“Well, Wife,” said the fisherman,





“are you king?”

“Yes,” said she, “I am king.”

“What a fine thing it is  
to be king!” said the fisherman.  
“You will never have anything more  
to wish for as long as you live.”

“I don’t know about that,”  
said the wife.

The next day Dame Ilsabil  
had grown tired of being king.



THEY BEGAN TO MAKE THEIR LOUDEST MUSIC.



The Donkey brayed, the Dog barked,  
the Cat mewed, the Cock crowed.

They made such a noise  
that the robbers left their supper,  
and ran away as fast as possible.

Then the four friends sat down,  
and ate the supper.

“Now,” said the Donkey,  
“let us all go to bed.”

So the Donkey lay down in the yard,  
the Dog slept behind the door,  
the Cat curled up by the fire,  
and the Cock flew up on the roof.



They were all so tired  
that they soon fell fast asleep.

About midnight the robbers  
saw that the light was out,  
and that all was still.

So one of them crept back  
to the house. He went to the fire  
to strike a light, and the Cat  
flew at him, and scratched him  
with her long nails.

This frightened him so,  
that he ran back to the door.

As he passed by, the Dog bit him  
in the leg.

As he ran through the yard,  
the Donkey kicked him so hard,  
that he was flung into the road.

All this woke the Cock,  
who cried with all his might,  
“Cock-a-doodle-doo.”

The robber ran back to his friends.

“There was a wicked old witch  
sitting by the fire,” he said.

“She scratched me  
with her nails.”

That was the Cat.

“Behind the door  
there was a man.



He had a long, sharp knife,  
and he stabbed me in the leg."

That was the Dog.

"In the yard there was a giant;  
who kicked me out into the road."

That was the Donkey.

"And then there was somebody else,  
who kept calling and calling,

'Let me kick him, too!

Let me kick him, too!'"

That was the Cock.

So the robbers went away again  
as far as they possibly could,  
for they were very much afraid.

And the four friends stayed  
in the little house in the woods  
and for all that you and I know,  
they are there now.

## THE GIANT OF BAND-BEGGARS HALL

Once upon a time there was a King,  
and he had a son named Jack.

This King built a bridge  
over a river.

The very night it was finished  
the bridge was torn down.

Three times he built the bridge,  
and three times it was torn down.

No one knew how it was done.

At last Jack said,  
“I will watch to-night and find out  
who pulls down our bridge.”





All went well till midnight,  
when Jack felt the bridge shaking.

He ran down under it  
to see what was the matter,  
and there was a great Giant.

“Who are you?” asked the Giant.

“I am the King’s son,” said Jack.



“This river belongs to me,”  
said the Giant, “and your father  
has no right to build a bridge  
over it. I will pull down the bridge,  
and kill you.”

“You will find it hard to kill me,”  
said Jack, “because I will fight.”

“You are a brave boy, Jack,”  
said the Giant. “I like you,  
and I think that I will let you live.  
But you must do one thing.  
Come to my castle a year from now.  
If you find your way there,  
I will let you live.”

“Who are you?” asked Jack.

And the Giant said with a loud voice,  
“I am the Giant of Band-beggars Hall,  
The greatest Giant over them all.”

"I have never heard of your castle,"  
said Jack.

"And I hope you never will,"  
said the Giant.

"We shall see," said Jack.

And in a flash the Giant had gone.

As soon as Jack got home,  
he told his father and his mother  
all about the Giant, for he wished  
to start off that very day  
to find the Giant's castle.

So away Jack went.  
He traveled for many days,  
without eating or sleeping.

One night he came  
to a great castle on a lonely rock.

He went in and saw a Giant  
sitting by the fire.



When Jack came in, the Giant said  
“You are welcome, Jack;  
for I have not seen a man  
for the last three hundred years.”

Jack was surprised, and wondered  
how the Giant knew his name,  
but he did not say so.

Then the Giant reached up,  
and took down a quarter of a sheep  
that was hanging on the wall,  
and cooked it.

He and Jack ate a hearty supper,  
and then they went to bed.



The next morning the Giant said,  
I did not ask you last night  
where you are going?"

Jack told him the story  
of the bridge, and the Giant  
of Band-beggars Hall. "Do you know  
where I can find him?" asked Jack.

"No," said the Giant.  
I have often heard of him,  
but I really cannot tell you  
how to get to his castle.

He has command over a third  
of the birds of the air.



Perhaps they may be able to tell you."

The Giant blew a whistle.

At once the birds began to gather  
from all parts of the sky,  
and flew in great flocks to the castle,  
making the sky dark.

Then the Giant asked them  
whether they knew anything  
of the Giant of Band-beggars Hall.

But none of the birds  
had ever gone as far as that.  
They had only heard of him.

"Well," said the Giant,  
"there is one thing more to do.  
I will give you a pair  
of nine-mile boots, and with them  
you can go to my brother's castle.  
He may be able to help you."



Jack thanked him, and put on the nine-mile boots.

He traveled and traveled, and at last reached the castle.

When he went in, he saw a Giant sitting by the fire.

When the Giant saw him, he said, "You are welcome, Jack, for I have not seen a man for the last three hundred years."

Jack was surprised, and wondered  
how the Giant knew his name,  
but he did not say so.

The Giant cut down half a sheep  
that was hanging on the wall,  
and he and Jack had supper.

In the morning the Giant  
asked Jack where he was going.

Jack told him the whole story.

“Well,” said the Giant,  
“I cannot tell you how to get  
to the castle, but I have command  
over half of the birds of the air,  
and perhaps they can help you.”

He took out a little whistle,  
and blew it. At once great flocks  
of birds gathered from all parts  
of the sky, till the sky was dark.

When the Giant thought that they were all there, he asked whether they knew anything of the Giant of Band-beggars Hall,—

The Giant of Band-beggars Hall,  
The greatest Giant over them all.

But none of the birds  
had ever been as far as his castle.  
They had only heard of him.

“Well,” said the Giant,  
“there is just one thing more to do.  
I will give you a pair  
of twenty-mile boots, and with them  
you can reach my brother’s castle.  
He may be able to help you.”

Jack put on the twenty-mile boots,  
and started off.

He traveled for a night and a day.





At last he came to a castle.

As he went in, he saw a huge Giant sitting by the fire.

“Welcome, Jack,” said the Giant.  
“I have not seen a man  
for the last three hundred years.”  
The Giant cut down a sheep  
that was hanging on the wall,  
and they had supper.

The next morning the Giant

asked Jack where he was going.

Jack told him the whole story.

“Well,” said the Giant,  
“I do not know where the castle is,  
but I have command of all the birds  
of the air, and they may be able  
to help you find it.”

The Giant blew a whistle,  
and at once the sky was darkened  
by great flocks of birds.

When the Giant thought that they  
were all there, he asked whether  
they knew anything of the Giant  
of Band-beggars Hall,—

The Giant of Band-beggars Hall;  
The greatest Giant over them all.

But not one of the birds  
knew anything at all about him.

“What shall I do now?” asked Jack.

“There’s one thing more,”  
said the Giant. “There is one Eagle  
that is not here. He visits me  
only once in seven long years.  
He is coming to-morrow morning.  
Perhaps he may be able to tell us  
where the Giant’s castle is.”

That very evening they saw  
the Eagle flying toward the castle.

“Jack,” said the Giant,  
“if the Eagle catches sight of you,  
he will eat you up.

I must find some place  
where you can hide.”

The Giant sewed Jack up  
in a big leather bag,  
and hung the bag on the wall.





As soon as the Eagle had come, he asked for supper. "I am hungry," he said. "I have traveled two thousand miles and more."

The Giant brought in a cow and ten lambs, and the hungry Eagle ate them, bones and all. Then he went to sleep.

The next morning the Eagle was quite happy, and talked very pleasantly with the Giant.

“Do you ever meet the Giant of Band-beggars Hall?” asked the Giant.

“Yes,” said the Eagle.  
“I was at his castle once, but I shall never go again. It’s at the end of the world.”

“Well,” said the Giant,  
“do you see that leather bag? I wish you would carry it to his castle for me.”

“I don’t like to go,” said the Eagle,  
“because it is such a long way to fly. But since you ask me, I suppose I shall have to take the bag to him.”

The Giant took down the bag  
with Jack in it, and gave it  
to the Eagle.

The Eagle flew and flew,  
over mountains and valleys,  
and rivers and lakes,  
till it seemed to Jack  
that they would never reach  
the end of the journey.

Then there came a day  
when Jack could feel the Eagle  
flying more and more slowly.

At length they touched ground,  
and Jack cut a hole in the bag,  
and looked out.

He saw a great castle,  
greater than all the other castles  
he had ever seen or read about.

There near the door stood

The Giant of Band-beggars Hall,  
The greatest Giant over them all.

“You are welcome, Eagle.  
You don’t come very often,”  
said the Giant.

“It is a long way,” said the Eagle.  
“But I came to bring you this bag.”  
He put it down, and quick as a flash  
flew away.

The Giant wondered what could be  
in the big leather bag.  
He took out his great knife,  
and cut the bag open,  
and out stepped Jack.

“How do you do?” said Jack.

You may be quite sure  
the Giant was greatly surprised.



"HOW DO YOU DO?"



“Well! Well! Well!” said he.  
“You are the only man in the world  
who has ever found his way  
to my castle.”

Jack stayed at the castle  
for a year and a day, and he  
and the Giant became great friends.

When he was ready to go home,  
the Giant gave him a wishing cap.

Jack put on the cap,  
and wished himself at home,  
and the next minute there he was  
with his father and his mother.  
And they all lived happily ever after.





### THE CAT AND HIS SERVANT

A farmer once had a Cat who was very bad. So one day he put the Cat in a big bag, and carried the bag into the forest.

When at last he came to a place where the Cat could find plenty to eat, he let him out of the bag, and went home.

“As I am here in this forest,  
I may as well build a house,”  
said the Cat. So he built  
a little house for himself,  
and lived there very happily.



One day when he was out walking,  
he met a Fox.

The Fox had never before seen a Cat,  
and he thought him  
the most beautiful animal  
he had ever met.

The Fox walked up to the Cat,  
and said, “What beautiful fur you have,  
and what long whiskers!  
Who are you?”

“I am the owner of this forest,”  
said the Cat, “and my name is Ivan.”

The Fox bowed low.

“You are very beautiful,  
and you look very wise,  
O Master of the Forest,” said he.

“Let me be your servant.”

So the Fox went to live  
in the Cat’s house as his servant.

The next morning the Cat said,  
“Fox, I’ll stay at home. You go  
and bring me a good dinner.”

Away went the Fox.

On the way he met a Wolf.

“How do you do?” said the Wolf.  
“I have not seen you for a long time.  
Where have you been?”

“In the house of my master,”  
said the Fox.

“Who is your master?”  
asked the Wolf.

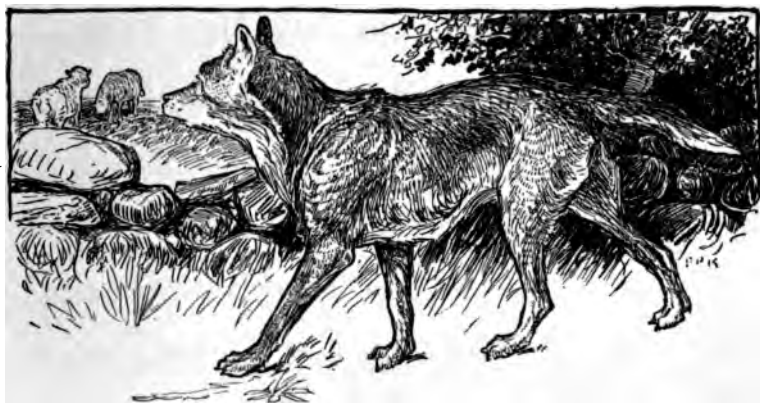


“My master owns this forest,”  
said the Fox. “His name is Ivan.”

“Indeed!” said the Wolf.

“Tell your master that I shall come  
to see him.”

“Very well,” said the Fox.



“But when you come, be sure  
to bring a sheep with you.  
If you come without it,  
he will surely eat you up.”

Away went the Wolf to find a sheep.

The Fox went on through the forest.  
By and by he met a Bear.

“Good morning,” said the Bear.  
“Where do you come from?”

“From the house of my master,”  
said the Fox.

“Who is your master, Mr. Fox, and what is his name?” asked the Bear.

“My master owns the forest,” said the Fox, “and his name is Ivan.”

“Indeed! I did not know that any one owned the forest,” said the Bear. “Tell your master that I shall come to see him.”

“Very well,” said the Fox. “But when you come, be sure to bring an ox with you. If you come without it, he will surely eat you up.”



Away ran the Bear to find an ox.  
He was carrying it to the Cat's house,  
when he met the Wolf.  
The Wolf was carrying a sheep.

The Bear put down the ox.  
“Where are you going,  
my dear Wolf?” he asked.



“I am going to see  
the owner of this forest,”  
said the Wolf, laying down the sheep.  
“The Fox says that he is very terrible,  
so I am taking him a sheep.”

When the Wolf and the Bear  
came to the Cat's house,  
the Wolf said, “Bear, go to the door.  
Say that we have come  
to see the owner of the forest,  
and to bring him a sheep and an ox.”





“No,” said the Bear, “I am afraid. Go yourself.”

“No,” said the Wolf, “I am afraid; but here is the Rabbit. He will knock at the door.”

So the Rabbit went to the door, while the Wolf hid in some dry leaves, and the Bear climbed a tree.

By and by the Cat and the Fox, who had been out walking, came up to the house.

The Cat jumped upon the ox,  
and asked, "Is this my dinner?  
This is not enough.  
This would make only a bite or two."

"Oh," said the Bear to himself,  
the owner of the forest is little,  
but he is very hungry.  
An ox is enough for four bears.  
He is terrible. I am afraid of him."

The Wolf shook with fear,  
and the Cat saw the leaves move.

Thinking a mouse was hiding there,  
he jumped at the Wolf,  
and scratched his nose  
with his sharp nails.



The poor Wolf thought  
that the Cat was going to eat him up,  
and he fled into the forest howling.

Then the Cat began to climb the tree where the Bear was hidden.

When the Bear saw him coming, he cried, "He sees me! He sees me! He will surely eat me up!" And away went the Bear.

That night the Bear and the Wolf told the story of the fierce little beast to the other animals of the forest, and they were all very much afraid.

But the Cat and the Fox were happy, because they had plenty to eat.





### THE TWO SISTERS

In the days of long ago there were two sisters. They were very poor, and they lived with their mother in a little cottage.

One day the elder sister said, "Dear Mother, I should like very much to help you. Let me go to seek my fortune."

She kissed her mother and her sister and off she started.

She walked a long way over hill and dale, till she came to a Hedge.

“Please don’t step on me,”  
said the Hedge. “I do not like  
to be broken.”

“Very well,” said the girl.  
And she jumped over the Hedge,  
and went on.

She walked and walked,  
till she came to an Apple Tree.  
It was so loaded with apples,  
that it was bent down to the ground.

“Please shake off my apples,”  
said the Apple Tree.  
“They are so heavy.”



“Very well,” said the girl. “I will.”

She shook the apples off the tree,  
and went on down the road.

She walked on till she met  
a Sheep, whose wool was so long  
and heavy that it trailed  
on the ground.

“Please cut off my wool,”  
begged the Sheep. “It is so thick  
that I have no comfort.”

“Very well,” said the girl.  
So she sheared the Sheep,  
and went on.



Soon she came to a house in which an old woman lived all alone.

Now this old woman was a witch, but the girl did not know it.

She knocked at the door, and went in.

“What are you seeking?” asked the Witch.

“I am looking for work,” replied the girl.

“How would you like to be my servant?” asked the Witch.  
“I will pay you well.”

“I will work for you gladly,” said the girl.

She stayed with the Old Witch a year and a day, and was a very good servant, indeed.

But the girl grew homesick,





and at last she went to the Old Witch, and said, "Please pay me my wages, and let me go. I know that my mother needs my help."

"Very well," said the Old Witch. "You have been a good girl, and I will pay you your wages right away."

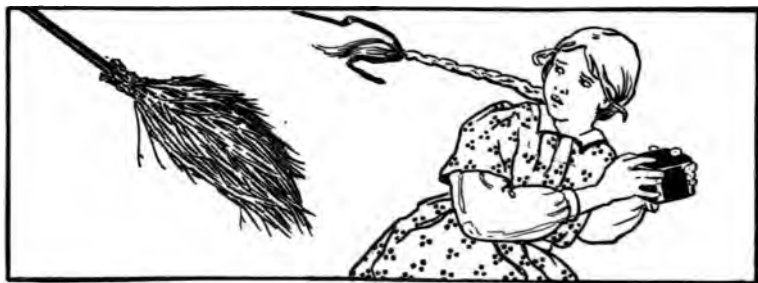
So the Old Witch showed her three boxes.



One of the boxes was very little,  
one was big, and one  
was middling-sized. "You may take  
one of these three boxes  
as your wages," said the Old Witch.

The girl was not greedy,  
and she chose the little box.

Now the Old Witch had not thought  
that the girl would choose the little box,  
and it made her so angry  
that she threw the broomstick  
at the girl. But the girl took the box,  
and ran as fast as she could.



When she came to the field where the Sheep was, she heard a terrible noise behind her, and she knew that the Old Witch was coming after her.

"Come here, Little Girl," said the Sheep. "Hide under my wool." The girl did so.

Just then the Old Witch came up. "Have you seen a girl with a little box?" she asked.

"Yes," said the Sheep. "But I think you would never be able to catch her."

So the Old Witch turned around, and went toward her home.



When she was out of sight,  
the girl went on down the road,  
till she came to the Apple Tree.

Once more she heard a terrible noise  
behind her, and she knew  
it was the Old Witch coming back.

“Come here, Little Girl,”  
called the Apple Tree.

“I’ll hide you.” So the girl  
climbed up into the branches,  
just as the Old Witch came along.

“Have you seen a girl with a box?”  
she asked.

“Yes,” said the Apple Tree.  
“She was here this very moment,  
but you could never catch her.”

So the Old Witch turned around,  
and went toward her home again.

When the Old Witch had gone,  
the girl went on down the road  
till she came to the Hedge.  
Just then she heard a terrible noise  
behind her, and she knew  
it was the Old Witch again.

“Come here, Little Girl,”  
called the Hedge. “I’ll hide you.”  
So the Hedge grew thick and tall,  
till it looked like a tree,  
and the girl hid herself under it.

The Old Witch came running along,  
as fast as she could run. “O Hedge,”  
she cried, “have you seen a girl  
with a box?”

“Yes,” said the Hedge.  
“She was here this very moment,  
but you could never catch her.”



And the Old Witch turned around,  
and went home.

When the girl reached home  
she opened the little box.

It was full of gold and silver,  
and she and her mother and sister  
lived happily for a long time.



By and by the second sister  
thought that she would go  
to seek her fortune.

She hoped that she, too,  
would get a box of gold and silver.

So she said good-by to her mother  
and to her sister, and off she started  
down the road.

She walked a long time,  
until she came to a Hedge.



“Please do not step on me,”  
said the Hedge. “I do not like  
to be trodden down.”

“What do I care about a Hedge?”  
said the girl. And she stepped  
on the Hedge so heavily  
that the ground was covered  
with broken twigs and leaves.

By and by she came to an Apple Tree.

Its branches were so loaded  
with apples that they were bent  
down to the ground.

"Please shake off my apples,"  
said the Apple Tree.

"They weigh me down."

"Indeed I will not," said the girl.  
"I have no time."

And she went on down the road.

By and by she came to a Sheep,  
whose wool was so thick and heavy  
that it trailed on the ground.

"Please cut off this wool,"  
said the Sheep. "It is too thick  
for comfort."

"Indeed I will not," said the girl.  
"I can't bother with you."

And she went on down the road.





After a while she came  
to the Old Witch's house.

As the Old Witch had no servant  
she was glad to take this girl in.

But the girl was not a good servant.  
She did not do as she was told.

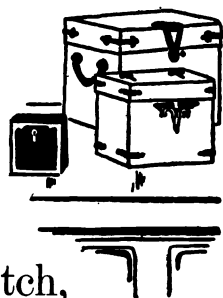
At last the Old Witch said,

"I do not want you any longer."

"Very well," said the girl.

"Give me my wages, and I'll go home."

The Witch showed her three boxes. One was big, one was little, and one was middling-sized.



"Here," said the Old Witch, "you may take one of these boxes as your wages."

The girl took the big box, and started for home without even saying good-by.

But the Witch laughed and laughed, till she was tired.

As the girl went along the road, the box seemed to grow so heavy that she could hardly carry it.



She did not stop to rest,  
for the sun had set,  
and the sky was growing dark.

When she came to the Sheep,  
it cried, "Baa! Baa!" at her.

When she came to the Apple Tree,  
it shook its branches at her.

When she came to the Hedge,  
it groaned and moaned at her;  
and the girl was frightened.

At last she reached home.  
She opened the box at once, thinking  
that it was full of gold and silver;  
but it was full of toads and snakes.

## THE PIED PIPER

All this happened years ago  
in a little town in Germany,  
called Hamelin.

Hamelin was a pretty little town.  
There were trees in the streets,  
and a river ran by not far away.

But there were rats in Hamelin.

They were in the streets,  
and in the houses.

They ran upstairs and downstairs.

They climbed up on the tables,  
and sat on the chairs.

They ate great holes  
in the cheeses, and stole the cakes.

At last the people said, "We will go  
to the Mayor and tell him  
that he must get rid of the rats."



So the people went to the Mayor,  
and found him sitting  
in his big carved chair  
in the town hall.

When he heard that they wanted him  
to get rid of the rats,  
he shrugged his shoulders.

“What can I do?” he asked.

“At least you might try to do something,” said the people.  
“We pay you every year. Why don’t you do something for your money?”

So the poor Mayor thought and thought, but he could not think of a way to get rid of the rats.

Tap, tap. Some one was knocking at the door.

“Perhaps it is a rat,” said the Mayor to himself, and he stopped thinking long enough to say, “Come in.”

But it was not a rat; it was a stranger who quietly opened the door, and walked up to the mayor.

He was a queer-looking fellow.  
Half of his coat was yellow,  
and half was red.  
One sleeve was black,  
and one was white.  
His cap was of many colors.  
Around his neck  
was hung a silver pipe,  
and now and then he lifted it  
as if to play on it.

The stranger walked up  
to the Mayor. "Sir," he said,  
"people call me the Pied Piper.



I can play music that will charm  
all things under the sun.

I can charm the rain from the clouds,

I can charm the birds of the air,

I can charm the fishes of the sea,

I can charm the wild beasts

that live in the forest, I can " —

"Can you charm rats?"

broke in the Mayor.

"The King of China

had a palace overrun with mice.

I played on my silver pipe,

and I called them all away.

Shall I call away the rats

from your town, too?

Give me a thousand pieces of gold,

and I will do it."

"A thousand!" cried the Mayor.



“You may have five thousand,  
if you will kill all the rats.”

“Very well,” said the stranger.  
He went to the door,  
and taking the silver pipe  
from his neck, began to play.

And as he played,  
a wonderful thing happened.  
There came a noise  
that grew louder and louder.  
There were tiny squeaks  
and shrill squeaks, soft squeaks  
and loud squeaks. It was the rats  
coming to listen to the music.



They left their holes and their nests,  
their cheeses and their apples.

Every rat in town came, — big rats,  
little rats, black rats, white rats,  
gray rats, brown rats.

And they stood around the Piper,  
and pushed and jostled one another,  
to get nearer to the wonderful music.

When the Piper thought  
that all the rats in Hamelin were there,  
he walked along the street,  
that led down to the river.  
And the rats followed him,  
dancing gayly along.

Down to the edge of the river  
went the Pied Piper,  
and into the river went the rats,  
and every one of them was drowned.

Then the Piper hung the silver pipe  
around his neck once more,  
and went back to the town hall.

There he found the Mayor  
sitting in his big carved chair.

"The rats are dead," he said.  
"Give me my five thousand pieces  
of gold."

"Nonsense!" said the Mayor.  
"How could you possibly use  
five thousand pieces of gold?  
We will give you ten pieces."

The Piper shook his head.  
"You promised me five thousand,"  
he said. "Give me five thousand,  
for I have no time to lose."

The Mayor flung ten pieces of gold  
upon the table.



“There is your money, Piper.  
Take it or leave it. Away with you!”

The Piper did not take the money,  
but he went away.

When he reached the street,  
he took his silver pipe,  
and began to play sweet, wild music.

No one had ever heard  
such music before, and as he played,  
the children gathered around him.

Up one street and down the other,  
went the Piper;  
and the children danced along behind,  
laughing and singing.

The fathers and the mothers stood  
at the doors, watching the Piper  
as he went along with the crowd  
of dancing children.

“Come! Come!” called the mothers.  
“It is almost supper time.  
You have danced enough for one day.”

But the children did not hear.

“Where is he taking our children?”  
asked the people. They called,  
but the children did not heed,  
for they were listening to the music.

At last the Piper left the streets,  
and led the children

away from the town  
and up the mountain.

“Come home!” called the fathers.  
“Stop your dancing! The sun  
is setting, and it will be dark soon.”

But still the children danced on.

The fathers and mothers followed  
as fast as they could. But the Piper  
always went a little faster,  
and the music grew more wild  
and sweet.

Then the people began to fear  
for their little ones, and they called,  
“Bring back our children, Piper.”

The Piper did not heed their cries  
On up the mountain side he went  
followed by the troop  
of happy, dancing children.

“He will have to stop,”  
said the people.

“He can never cross that hill.”

But just as they spoke,  
a door opened  
in the side of the mountain.  
In went the Piper,  
and the children followed.

When the last child had danced in,  
the door closed, and no one  
ever saw the Piper  
or the children again.







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